THE TOY-SHOP.

A DRAMATICK SATIRE.

By ROBERT DODSLEY, Author of *The Art of Charming.*

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EPILOGUE.

WELL, Heaven be prais'd this dull grave Sermon's done.
(For faith our Author might have call'd it one)
I wonder how the devil he thought to pleaſe!
Is this a time o' Day for Things like theſe?
Good Senſe and honeſt Satire now offend;
We're grown too wiſe to learn, too proud to mend,
And ſo divinely wrapt in Songs and Tunes,
The next wiſe Age will all be ----- Fidlers Sons.
And did he think plain Truth wou'd Favour find?
Ah! 'tis a Sign he little knows Mankind!
To pleaſe, he ought to have a Song or Dance,
The tune from Italy, *the Caper* France:
Theſe, theſe might charm ----- But hope to do't with ſenſe!
Alas, alas, how vain is the Pretence!
But, tho' we told him, ---- Faith, 'twill never do.----
Pho, never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis new:
The Whim, perhaps, may pleaſe, if not the Wit.
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submiſſive bend, and thus for Pardon Plead.

" Ye gen'rous Few, to you our Author ſues,
" His firſt Eſſay with Candour to excuſe.
" 'Tha's Faults, he owns, but, if they are but ſmall,
" He hopes your kind Applauſe will hide them all.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

As in *London*.

MEN.

Maſter of the Shop,	Mr. *Chapman*.
1	Mr. *Bridgewater*.
2	Mr. *Wignell*.
3 Gentleman,	Mr. *Hallam*.
4	Mr. *Hale*.
Beau.	Mr. *Neal*.
1	Mr. *James*.
2 Old Man,	Mr. *Hippiſley*.

WOMEN.

1	Mrs. *Bullock*.
2	Miſs *Norſa*.
3 Lady,	Mrs. *Mullart*.
4	Miſs *Binks*.

THE

THE TOY-SHOP.

SCENE *a Parlour. A Gentleman and two Ladies, drinking Tea.*

Gent. AND you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-ſhop you ſay Madam?

1 *La.* No, Sir: I have heard of the Man, indeed; but moſt People ſay, he's a very impertinent, ſilly Fellow.

Gent. That's becauſe he ſometimes tells them of their Faults.

1 *La.* And that's ſufficient. I ſhould think any Man impertinent that ſhould pretend to tell me of my Faults, if they did not concern him.

Gent. Yes, Madam. But People that know him take no Exceptions. And really, tho' ſome may think him impertinent, in my Opinion he's very entertaining.

2 *La.* Pray, who is this Man you're talking of? I never heard of him.

Gent.

Gent. He's one who has lately ſet up a Toy-ſhop, Madam, and is, perhaps, the moſt extraordinary Perſon in his Way that ever was heard of. He is a general Satyriſt, yet not rude nor ill natur'd. He has got a Cuſtom of moralizing upon every Trifle he ſells, and will ſtrike a Leſſon of Inſtruction out of a Snuff-box, a Thimble, or a Cockle-ſhell.

1 *La.* Is n't he cras'd.

Gent. Madam, he may be call'd a Humouriſt; but he does not want Senſe, I do aſſure you.

2 *La.* Methinks I ſhould be glad to ſee him.

Gent. I dare ſay you will be very much diverted. And if you'll pleaſe to give me Leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 *La,* What ſay you Madam, ſhall we go?

1 *La.* I can't help thinking he's a Coxcomb; however, to ſatisfy Curioſity I don't care if I do.

Gent. I believe the Coach is at the Door.

2 *La.* I hope he won't affront us.

Gent. He won't deſignedly, I'm ſure, Madam. [*Exeunt*

SCENE changes to the Toy-ſhop, the Maſter ſtanding behind the Counter, looking over his Books.

Maſt. Methinks I have had a tolerable good Day of it to-day. A Gold Watch, Five

Five and Thirty Guineas---- Let me ſee----What did that Watch ſtand me in?--Where is it? O here----Lent to La- dy *Baſſet* Eighteen Guineas upon her Gold Watch. Ay, ſhe died and ne- ver redeem'd it.----A Set of old China, Five Pounds.------Bought of an old Cloaths Man for Five Shillings. Right.-----A curi- ous Shell for a Snuff-box, Two Guineas.--- Bought of a poor Fiſher-boy for a Half-pen- ny. Now, if I had offer'd that Shell for Six- pence, nobody would have bought it. Well, Thanks to the whimſical Extravagance and Folly of Mankind, I believe, from theſe childiſh Toys and gilded Baubles, I ſhall pick up a comfortable Maintenance. For, really, as it is a trifling Age, ſo nothing but Trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling Authors, purſue none but trifling Amuſements, and contend for none but tri- fling Opinions. A trifling Fellow is prefer'd, a trifling Woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real Trifles enow, they now make Trifles of the moſt ſerious and valua- ble Things. Their Time, their Health, their Money, their Reputation, are trifled away. Honeſty is become a Trifle, Conſcience a Trifle, Honour a mere Trifle, and Religi- on the greateſt Trifle of all.

[*Turning to another Book backwards and forwards.*

Enter

Enter the Gentleman and the two Ladies.

Maſt. Sir, Your humble Servant I'm very glad to ſee you.

Gent. Sir, I am yours. I have brought you ſome Cuſtomers here.

Maſt. You are very Good Sir. What do you pleaſe to want, Ladies?

1 *Lad.* Pleaſe to want! People ſeldom pleaſe to want any thing, Sir.

Maſt. O dear Madam, yes; I always imagine when People come into a Toy-Shop, it muſt be for ſomething they pleaſe to want.

2 *Lad.* Here's a mighty pretty Looking-Glaſs: Pray, Sir, what's the Price of it?

Maſt. This Looking Glaſs, Madam, is the fineſt in all *England*. In this Glaſs a Coquet may ſee her Vanity, and a Prude her Hypocriſy. Some fine Ladies may ſee more Beauty than Modeſty, more Airs than Graces, and more Wit than Good-nature.

1 *Lad.* (*aſide*) He begins already.

Maſt. If a Beau was to buy this Glaſs, and look earneſtly in it, he might ſee his Folly almoſt as ſoon as his Finery. 'Tis true, ſome People may not ſee their Generoſity in it, nor others their Charity, yet it is a very clear Glaſs. Some fine Gentlemen may not ſee their Good-manners in it perhaps, nor ſome Parſons their Religion, yet it is a very clear Glaſs. In ſhort, tho' every one that paſſes for a Maid ſhould not happen to ſee a Maiden-

head

head in it, yet it may be a very clear Glaſs, you know, for all that.

2 *Lad.* Yes, Sir, but I did not aſk you the Virtues of it, I aſk'd you the Price.

Maſt. It was neceſſary to tell you the Virtues, Madam, in order to prevent your ſcruppling the Price, which is five Guineas, and for ſo extraordinary a Glaſs, in my Opinion, it is but a Trifle.

2 *Lad.* Lord, I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, leſt it ſhould ſhow me more of my Faults than I care to ſee.

1 *Lad.* Pray, Sir, what can be the uſe of this very diminutive Piece of Goods here?

Maſt. This Box, Madam? in the firſt place, it is a very great Curioſity, being the leaſt Box that ever was ſeen in *England*.

1 *La.* Then a very little Curioſity had been more proper.

Maſt. Right, Madam. Yet, would you think it, in this ſame little Box, a Courtier may depoſite his Sincerity, a Lawyer may brew up his Honeſty, and a Poet may ----- hoard his Money.

Gent. Ha, ha, ha, I will make a Preſent of it to Mr. *Stanza* for the very ſame Purpoſe.

2. *La.* Here's a fine Perſpective. Now, I think, Madam, in the Country theſe are a very pretty Amuſement.

Maſt. O, Madam, the moſt uſeful and diverting things imaginable either in Town or Country. The Nature of this Glaſs, Madam,

(pardon my impertinence in pretending to tell you what to be ſure you are as well acquainted with as my ſelf,) is this. If you look thro' it at this end every Object is magnified, brought near, and diſcern'd with the greateſt Plainneſs; but turn it the other way, do ye ſee, and they are leſſen'd, caſt at a great Diſtance, and rendrer'd almoſt imperceptible. Thro' this End it is that we look at our own Faults, but when other People's are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this End are view'd all the Benefits and Advantages we at any time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are ſure to be ſhown in their greateſt Magnitude thro' the other. Thro' this we enviouſly darken and contract the Virtue, the Merit, the Beauty of all the World around us; but fondly compliment our own with the moſt agreeable and advantageous Light thro' the other.

2 *La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new kind of a Satirical Parſon, your Shop is your Scripture, and every piece of Goods a different Text, from which you expoſe the Vice and Follies of Mankind in a very fine allegorical Sermon.

Maſt. Right, Madam, right; I thank you for the Simile. I may be call'd a Parſon indeed and am a very good one in my way; I take delight in my Calling, and am never better pleaſed than to ſee a full Congregation. Yet it happens to me as it does to moſt of my Bre

Brethren, People ſometimes vouchſafe to take home the Text perhaps, but mind the Sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a ſhort Text has more in it than a long Sermon, it's no wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

3 *La.* Pray, Sir, let me look at ſome of your little Dogs.

2 *La.* (*aſide*) Little Dogs! My Stars! How cheaply ſome People are entertain'd! Well, it's a Sign human Converſation is grown very low and inſipid, whilſt that of Dogs and Monkeys is preferr'd to it.

Maſt. Here are very beautiful Dogs, Madam, theſe Dogs when they were alive were ſome of them the greateſt Dogs of their Age. I don't mean the largeſt, but Dogs of the greateſt Quality and Merit.

1 *La.* I love a *Dog of Merit* dearly; has not he a *Dog of Honour* too, I wonder? (*aſide*

Maſt Here's a Dog now that never eat but upon Plate or China, nor ſet his Foot but upon a Carpet or a Cuſhion. Here's one too, this Dog belong'd to a Lady of as great Beauty and Fortune as any in *England*; he was her moſt intimate Friend and particular Favourite; and upon that Account has received more Compliments, more Reſpect, and more Addreſſes than a Firſt Miniſter of State. Here's another which was, doubtleſs,

a Dog of ſingular Worth and great Importance; ſince at his Death one of the greateſt Families in the Kingdom were all in Tears, receiv'd no Viſits for the ſpace of a Week, but ſhut themſelves up and mourn'd their Loſs with inconſolable Sorrow. This Dog while he liv'd, either for Contempt of his Perſon, Neglect of his Buſineſs, or ſaucy impertinent Behaviour in their Attendance on him, had the Honour of turning away upwards of thirty Servants. He died at laſt of a Cold caught by following one of the Maids into a damp Room, for which ſhe loſt her Place, her Wages, and her Character.

3 *La.* O the carleſs wicked Wretch! I would have her try'd for Murder at leaſt. That, that is juſt my Caſe! The ſad Relation revives my Grief ſo ſtrongly I cannot contain. *Lucy* bring in the Box.

Here her Maid enters and delivers a Box, from which the Lady pulls out a dead Dog, kiſſing it, and weeping. Lucy *too pretends great Sorrow, but turning aſide burſts out a Laughing, and cries,* " *She little thinks I poiſon'd it.*

O I have loſt the deareſt Friend in the World! See! ſee the charming Creature, here lies dead! Its precious Life is gone! Oh, my dear *Chloe*! no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm Boſom! no more will that ſweet Tongue lick o'er my Face, nor

that

that dear Mouth eat dainty Bits from mine. O, Death, what haſt thou robb'd me off?

Gent. (aſide) A proper Object to diſplay your folly.

Maſt. Pray, Madam, moderate your Grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your Husband.

3 *La.* Oh, what is Husband, Father, Mother, Son, to my dear, precious *Chloe!* ------ No, no, I cannot live without the ſight of his dear Image; and if you cannot make me the exact Effigie of this poor dead Creature, and cover it with his own dear Skin, ſo nicely that it cannot be diſcern'd, I muſt never hope to ſee one happy Day in Life.

Maſt. Well, Madam, be comforted, I will do it to your ſatisfaction. [*Taking the Box.*

3 *La.* Let me have one look more. Poor Creature! O cruel Fate, that Dogs are born to die. (*Exit weeping.*

Gent. What a Scene is here! Are not the real and unavoidable Evils of Life ſufficient, that People thus create themſelves imaginary Woes?

Maſt. Theſe, Sir, are the Griefs of thoſe that have no other. Did they once truly feel the real Miſeries of Life, ten thouſand Dogs might die without a Tear.

Enter a ſecond Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I want an Ivory Pocket-book.

Maſt. Do you pleaſe to have it with Directions! or without?

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Directions! what, how to uſe it?

Maſt. Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I ſhould think every Man's own Buſineſs his beſt Direction.

Maſt. It may be ſo. Yet there are ſome general Rules, which it equally behoves every Man to be acquainted with. As for Inſtance, Always to make a Memorandum of the Benefits you receive from others. Always to ſet down the Faults or Failings, which from Time to Time you diſcover in your ſelf. And, if you remark any Thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd Deſign to hurt or expoſe them, at any Time, but with a *Nota bene*, that it is only for a Caution to your ſelf, not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other Rules of ſuch a Nature as makes one of my Pocket-books both a uſeful Monitor, and a very entertaing Companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray, what's the Price of one?

Maſt. The Price is a Guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But as it's a Curioſity ------- [*Pays for it, and Exit.*

Enter a Beau.

Beau. Pray, Sir, let me ſee ſome of your handſomeſt Snuff-boxes.

Maſt. Here's a plain Gold one, Sir, a very neat Box; here's a Gold enamelled; here's a Silver one neatly carv'd and gilt; here's a curious Shell, Sir, ſet in Gold. *Beau.*

Beau. Dam your Shells; there's not one of them fit for a Gentleman to put his Fingers into. I want one with ſome pretty Device on the Inſide of the Lid; ſomething that may ſerve to joak upon, or help one to an Occaſion to be witty, that is, ſmutty, now and then.

Maſt. And are witty and ſmutty then ſynonimous Terms?

Beau. O dear Sir, yes; a little decent Smutt is the very Life of all Converſation. 'Tis the Wit of Drawing-rooms, Aſſemblies, and Tea-tables. 'Tis the ſmart Raillery of fine Gentlemen, and innocent Freedom of fine Ladies. 'Tis a *Double Entendre*, at which the Coquet laughs, and the Prude looks grave, the Modeſt bluſh, but all are pleas'd with.

Maſt. That it is the Wit and the Entertainment of all Converſations, I believe, Sir, may poſſibly, be a Miſtake. 'Tis true, thoſe who are ſo rude as to uſe it in all Converſations, may poſſibly be ſo deprav'd themſelves, as to fancy every body elſe as agreeably entertain'd in hearing it as they are in uttering it: But I dare ſay, any Man or Woman, of real Virtue and Modeſty, has as little Taſte for ſuch Ribaldry as thoſe Coxcombs have for what is good Senſe or true Politeneſs.

Beau. Good Senſe, Sir! Damme, Sir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good Senſe as well as any Man. Good Senſe is a true------ a right------ a------ a------ ------ Dam it, I won't be ſo pedantick as to make

make Definitions: But I can invent a cram Oath, Sir; drink a ſmutty Health, Sir; ri dicule Prieſts, laugh at all Religion, an make ſuch a grave Prig as you look juſt lik a Fool, Sir. Now, I take this to be goo Senſe.

Maſt. And I unmov'd can hear ſuch ſenſe leſs Ridicule, and look upon its Author wit an Eye of Pity and Contempt. And I take this to be good Senſe.

Beau. Pſhaw, pſhaw; damn'd Hyprocriſy and Affectation; Nothing elſe, nothing elſe. [*Exit*

Maſt. There is nothing ſo much my Averſion as a Coxcomb. They are a Ridicule upon humane Nature, and make one almoſt aſham'd to be of the ſame Species. And, for that Reaſon, I can't forbear affronting them whenever they fall in my Way. I hope the Ladies will excuſe ſuch behaviour in their Preſence.

2 *La.* Indeed, Sir, I wiſh we had always ſomebody to treat them with ſuch Behaviour in our Preſence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their Impertinence.

Enter a Young Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* I want a plain Gold Ring Sir, exactly this Size.

Maſt. Then 'tis not for yourſelf, Sir.

3 *Gent.* No.

Maſt. A Wedding Ring, I preſume.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* No, Sir, I thank you kindly, that's a Toy I never deſign to play with. 'Tis the moſt dangerous Piece of Goods in your whole Shop. People are perpetually doing themſelves a Miſchief with it. They hang themſelves faſt together firſt, and afterwards are ready to hang themſelves ſeparately to get looſe again.

1 *Lad.* This is but the faſhionable Cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended Railer at Matrimony is not juſt upon the Point of making ſome poor Woman miſerable. [*aſide.*

3 *Gent.* Well ---- happy are we whilſt we are Children; we can then lay down one Toy and take up another, and pleaſe ourſelves with Variety: But growing more fooliſh as we grow older, there's no Toy will pleaſe us then but a Wife; and that, indeed, as it is a Toy for Life, ſo it is all Toys in one. She's a Rattle in a Man's Ears which he cannot throw aſide: A Drum that is perpetually beating him a Point of War: A Top which he ought to Whip for his Exerciſe, for like that he is beſt when laſh'd to ſleep: A Hobby-Horſe for the Booby to Ride on when the Magot takes him: A-----

Maſt. You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous Strain, if you pleaſe, and fancy 'tis Wit; but, in my opinion, a good Wife is the greateſt Bleſſing, and the moſt valuable Poſſeſſion, that Heaven in this Life can beſtow. She makes the Cares of the World ſit eaſy,

and adds Sweetneſs to its Pleaſures. She is a Man's beſt Companion in Proſperity, and his only Friend in Adverſity. The careful-leſt Preſerver of his Health, and the kindeſt Attendant on his Sickneſs, a faithful Adviſer in Diſtreſs, a Comforter in Affliction, and a prudent Manager of all his Domeſtick Affairs.

2 *Lad.* (*aſide*) Charming Doctrine!

3 *Gent.* Well, Sir, ſince I find you ſo ſtanch an Advocate for Matrimony, I confeſs 'tis a Wedding-Ring I want; the reaſon why I deny'd it, and of what I ſaid in Ridicule of Marriage, was only to avoide the Ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

Maſt. Why, that now is juſt the Way of the World in every thing, eſpecially, among'ſt young People. They are aſham'd to do a good Action becauſe it is not a faſhionable one, and in Compliance with Cuſtom act contrary to their own Conſciencies. They diſpleaſe themſelves to pleaſe the Coxcombs of the World, chuſe rather to be Objects of divine Wrath than humane Ridicule.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis very true indeed. There is not one Man in Ten thouſand that dare be virtuous for fear of being ſingular. 'Tis a Weakneſs which I have hitherto been too much guilty of my ſelf; but for the future I am reſolv'd upon a more ſteady Rule of Action.

Maſt. I am very glad of it. Here's your Ring, Sir. I think it comes to about a Guinea.

3 *Gent.* There's the Money.

Maſt.

Maſt. Sir, I wiſh you all the Joy that a good Wife can give you.

3 *Gent.* I thank you Sir. [*Exit.*

1 *La.* Well, Sir, but, after all, don't you think Marriage a Kind of a deſperate Venture?

Maſt. It is a deſperate Venture, Madam to be ſure. But, provided there be a tolerable Share of Senſe and Diſcretion on the Man's part, and of Mildneſs and Condeſcenſion on the Woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and as comfortable a Life in that State as in any other.

Enter a fourth Lady.

4 *Lady.* I want a Maſk, Sir, Have you got any?

Maſt. No, Madam, I have not one indeed. The People of this Age are arriv'd to ſuch Perfection in the Art of maſking themſelves that they have no Occaſion for any Foreign Diſguiſes at all. You ſhall find Infidelity maſk'd in a Gown and Caſſock; and Wantonneſs and Immodeſty under a bluſhing Countenance. Oppreſſion is veil'd under the Name of Juſtice, and Fraud, and Cunning under that of Wiſdom. The Fool is maſk'd under an affected Gravity, and the vileſt Hypocrite under the greateſt Profeſſions of Sincerity. The Flatterer paſſes upon you under the Air of a Friend; and he that now huggs you in his Boſom, for a Shilling would cut your Throat. Calumny and Detraction impoſe them-

themſelves upon the World for Wit, and an eternal Laugh wou'd fain be thought Good-nature. An humble Demeanor is aſſum'd from a Principle of Pride, and the Wants of the Indigent relieved out of Oſtentation. In ſhort, Worthleſſneſs and Villany are oft diſguis'd and dignified in Gold and Jewels, whilſt Honeſty and Merit lie hid under Raggs and Miſery. The whole World is in a Maſk, and it is impoſſible to ſee the natural Face of any one Individual.

4 *Lady.* That's a Miſtake, Sir, you your-ſelf are an Inſtance, that no Diſguiſe will hide a Coxcomb; and your humble Servant.

Maſt. Humph!----- Have I but juſt now been exclaiming againſt Coxcombs, and am I accuſed of being one my ſelf? Well ---- we can none of us ſee the ridiculous Part of our own Characters. Could we but once learn to criticize ourſelves; and to find out and expoſe to our ſelves our own weak Sides, it would be the ſureſt Means to conceal them from the Criticiſm of others. But I would fain hope I am not a Coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am elſe.

Gent. I ſuppoſe you have ſaid ſomething which her Conſcience would not ſuffer her to paſs over without making the ungrateful Application to herſelf, and that, as it often happens, inſtead of awaking in her a Senſe of her Fault, has only ſerv'd to put her in a Paſſion.

Maſt.

Maſt. May be ſo indeed. At leaſt I am willing to think ſo.

Enter an old Man.

O. M. I want a pair of Spectacles, Sir.

Maſt. Do you pleaſe to have 'em plain Tortoiſe-ſhell, or ſet in Gold or Silver?

O. M. Pho! Do you think I buy Spectacles as your fine Gentlemen buy Books? If I wanted a pair of Spectacles only to look at, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them to look with, do ye ſee, I'll have 'em good ones.

Maſt. Very well, Sir. Here's a pair I'm ſure will pleaſe you. Thro' theſe Spectacles all the Follies of Youth are ſeen in their true Light. Thoſe Vices which to the ſtrongeſt youthful Eyes appear in Characters ſcarce legible, are thro' theſe Glaſſes diſcern'd with the greateſt Plainneſs. A powder'd Wig upon an empty Head, attracts no more reſpect thro' theſe Opticks than a greaſy Cap; and the Lac'd Coat of a Coxcomb ſeems altogether as contemptible as his Footman's Livery.

O. M. That indeed is ſhowing things in their true Light.

Maſt. The common Virtue of the World appears only a Cloak for Knavery; and it's Friendſhips no more than Bargains of Self-intereſt. In ſhort, he who is now paſſing away his Days in a conſtant Round of Vanity, Folly, Intemperance, and Extravagance, when he comes ſeriouſly to look back upon his

his paſt Actions, thro' theſe undiſguiſing Opticks, will certainly be convinc'd that a regular Life, ſpent in the Study of Truth and Virtue, and adorn'd with Acts of Juſtice, Generoſity, Charity, and Benevolence, would not only have afforded him more Delight and Satisfaction in the preſent Moment, but would likewiſe have rais'd to his Memory a laſting Monument of Fame and Honour.

O. M Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that ſuch ſerious Ware ſhould be the Commodity of a Toy-ſhop (*aſide*) Well, Sir, and what's the Price of theſe extraordinary Spectacles?

Maſt. Half a Crown.

O. M. There's your Money.

[*Exit*

Enter a fourth young Gentleman.

4 *Gent.* I want a ſmall pair of Scales.

Maſt. You ſhall have them, Sir.

4 *Gent.* Are they exactly true?

Maſt. The very Emblem of Juſtice, Sir, a Hair will turn 'em.

[*Ballancing the Scales.*]

4 *Gent.* I would have them true, for they muſt determine ſome very nice ſtatical Experiments.

Maſt. I'l engage they ſhall juſtly determine the niceſt Experiments in Staticks, I have try'd them my ſelf in ſome uncommon Subjects, and have prov'd their Goodneſs.

I have taken a large Handful of great Men's Promiſes, and put into one End? and lo! the Breath of a Fly In the other has kick'd up the Beam. I have ſeen four Peacock's Feathers, and the four Gold Clocks in Lord *Tawdry*'s Stockings, ſuſpend the Scales in Equilibrio. I have found by Experiment, that the Learning of a Beau, and the Wit of a Pedant are a juſt Counterpoiſe to each other. That the Pride and Vanity of any Man are in exact proportion to his Ignorance. That a Grain of Good-nature will preponderate againſt an Ounce of Wit; a Head full of Virtue againſt a Head full of Learning; and a Thimble full of Content againſt a Cheſt full of Gold.

4 *Gent.* This muſt be a very prety Science, I fancy.

Maſt. It would be endleſs to enumerate all the Experiments that might be made in theſe Scales; but there is one which every Man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a Moderate Fortune, enjoy'd with Content, Freedom, and Independency will turn the Scales, againſt whatever can be put in the other End.

4 *Gent.* Well, this is a Branch of Stacks, which I muſt own I had but little Thoughts of entering into. However I be in to be perſuaded, that to know the true pecifick Gravity of this Kind of Subjects,

is

is of infinitely more Importance than that of any other Bodies in the Univerſe.

Maſt. It is indeed. And that you may not want Encouragement to proceed in ſo uſeful a Study, I will let you have the Scale for Ten Shillings. If you make a right Uſe of them, they will be worth more to you than Ten Thouſand Pounds.

4 *Gent.* I confeſs I am ſtruck with the Beauty and Uſefulneſs of this Kind of moral Staticks, and believe I ſhall apply myſelf to make Experiments with great Delight. There's your Money, Sir: You ſhall hear ſhortly what Diſcoveries I make; in the mean Time, I am your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Maſt. Sir, I am yours.

Enter a ſecond Old Man.

2 *Old Man.* Sir I underſtand you deal in Curioſities. Have you any thing in your Shop, at preſent, that's prety and curious?

Maſt. Yes, Sir, I have a great many Things. But the moſt antient Curioſity I have got, is a ſmall Braſs Plate, on which is engrav'd the Speech which *Adam* made to his Wife, on their firſt Meeting, together with her Anſwer. The Characters, thro' Age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient Piece is, that *Eve*'s Speech is about three Times as long as her Huſband's

I have a Ram's Horn, one of thoſe which help'd to blow down the Walls of *Jerico.* A Lock of *Sampſon*'s Hair, tied up in a Shred of *Joſeph*'s Garment. With ſeveral other *Jewiſh* Antiquities, which I purchas'd of that People at a very great Price. Then I have the Tune which *Orpheus* play'd to the Devil, when he charm'd back his Wife.

Gent. That was thought to be a ſilly Tune, I believe, for no body has ever car'd to learn it ſince.

Maſt. Cloſe cork'd up in a Thumb Phial, I have ſome Drops of Tears which *Alexander* wept, becauſe he could do no more Miſchief. I have a Snuff-box made out of the Tub in which *Diogenes* liv'd, and took Snuff at all the World. I have the Net in which *Vulcan* caught his Spouſe and her Gallant; but our modern Wives are now grown ſo exceeding chaſte, that there has not been an Opportunity of caſting it this many Years.

Gent. (*aſide to the Ladies*) Some would be ſo malicious now as inſtead of chaſte, to think he meant cunning.

Maſt. I have the Pitch Pipe of *Gracchus*, the *Roman* Orator, who, being apt, in Diſpute, to raiſe his Voice too high, by touching a certain ſoft Note in this Pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate Key.

2 *La.* Such a Pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very uſeful in Coffee-houſes,

and other publick Places of Debate and modern Diſputation.

Gent. Yes, Madam, and, I believe, many a poor Huſband would be glad of ſuch a Regulator of the Voice in his own private Family too.

Maſt. There you was even with her, Sir. But the moſt valuable Curioſity I have, is a certain hollow Tube, which I call a *Diſtinguiſher*; contriv'd with ſuch Art, that, when rightly applied to the Ear, it abſtructs all Falſhood, Nonſence, and Abſurdity, from ſtriking upon the Tympanum: Nothing but Truth and Reaſon can make the leaſt Impreſſion upon the Auditory Nerves. I have ſate in a Coffee-houſe ſometimes, for the Space of Half an Hour, and amongſt what is generally called the beſt Company, without hearing a ſingle Word. At a Diſpute too, when I could perceive, by the eager Motions of both Parties, that they made the greateſt Noiſe, I have enjoy'd the moſt profound Silence. It is a very uſeful Thing to have about one, either at Church or Play-houſe, or *Weſtminiſter-hall*; at all which Places a vaſt Variety both of uſeful and diverting Experiments may be made with it. The only Inconvenience attending it is, that no Man can make himſelf a compleat Maſter of it under Twenty Years cloſe and diligent Practice: And that Term of Time is beſt commenc'd at Ten or Twelve Years old.

Gent.

Gent. That indeed is an Inconvenience that will make it not every Body's Money. But one would think thoſe Parents who ſee the Beauty and the Uſefulneſs of Knowledge, Virtue, and a diſtinguiſhing Judgment, ſhould take particular Care to engage their Children early in the Uſe and Practice of ſuch a *Diſtinguiſher*; whilſt they have Time before them, and no other Concerns to interrupt their Application.

Maſt. Some few do. But the Generality are ſo entirely taken up with the Care of little Maſter's Complexion, his Dreſs, his Dancing, and ſuch like Effeminacies, that they have not the leaſt Regard for any internal Accompliſhments whatſoever. They are ſo far from teaching him to ſubdue his Paſſions, that they make it their whole Buſineſs to gratify them all.

2 *Old Man.* Well, Sir; to ſome People theſe may be thought curious Things, perhaps, and a very valuable Collection. But, to confeſs the Truth, theſe are not the Sort of curious Things I wanted. Have you no little Box, repreſenting a wounded Heart, on the Inſide the Lid? Nor pretty Ring, with an amorous Poeſy? Nothing of that Sort, which is pretty and not common, in your Shop?

Maſt. O yes, Sir! I have a very pretty Snuff-box here, on the Inſide of the Lid, do ye ſee, is a Man of threeſcore and ten, acting the

the Lover, and hunting like a Boy after Gewgaws and Trifles, to pleaſe a Girl with.

2 *O. M.* Meaning me, Sir? Do ye banter me, Sir?

Maſt. If you take it to your ſelf, Sir, I can't help it.

2 *O. M.* And is a Perſon of my Years and Gravity to be laugh'd at, then?

Maſt. Why, really, Sir, Years and Gravity do make ſuch Childiſhneſs very ridiculous I can't help owning. However, I am very ſorry I have none of thoſe curious Trifles for your Diverſion, but I have delicate Hobby-Horſes and Rattles if you pleaſe.

2 *O. M.* By all the Charms of *Araminta* I will revenge this Affront.

[*Exit*

Gent. Ha, ha, ha! how contemptible is Rage in Impotence! But pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of Freedom with your Cuſtomers detrimental to your Trade?

Maſt. No, no, Sir, the odd Character I have acquir'd by this rough kind of Sincerity and plain Dealing; together with the whimſical Humour of moralizing upon every Trifle I ſell; are the Things, which by raiſing People's Curioſity, furniſh me with all my Cuſtomers: And it is only Fools and Coxcombs I am ſo free with.

La. And in my Opinion, you are in the Right of it. Folly and Impertinence ought always

always to be the Objects of Satire and Ridicule.

Gent. Nay, upon ſecond Thoughts, I don't know but this odd turn of Mind, which you have given your ſelf, may not only be entertaining to ſeveral of your Cuſtomers, but, perhaps, very much ſo to your ſelf.

Maſt. Vaſtly ſo, Sir. It very often helps me to Speculations infinitely agreeable. I can ſit behind this Counter, and fancy my little Shop, and the Tranſactions of it, an agreeable Repreſentation of the grand Theatre of the World. When I ſee a Fool come in here, and throw away 50 or 100 Guineas for a Trifle that is not realy worth a Shilling, I am ſometimes ſurpriz'd: But when I look out into the World, and ſee Lordſhips and Manors barter'd away for gilt Coaches and Equipage; an Eſtate for a Title; and an eaſy Freedom in Retirement for a ſervile Attendance in a Crowd; when I ſee Health with great eagerneſs exchang'd for Diſeaſes, and Happineſs for a Game at Hazard; my Wonder ceaſes. Surely the World is a great Toy-Shop, and all it's Inhabitants run mad for Rattles. Nay, even the very wiſeſt of us, however we may flatter our ſelves, have ſome Failing or Weakneſs, ſome Toy or Trifle, that we are ridiculouſly fond of. Yet, ſo very partial are we to our own dear ſelves, that we over-look thoſe Miſcarriages in our own Conduct,

Conduct, which we loudly exclaim ag
in that of others; and, tho' the ſame F
Turbant fits us all,

You ſay that I, I ſay that you are he,
And each Man ſwears, "The Cap's not m
for me.

Gent. Ha, ha! 'Tis very true, inde
But I imagine you now begin to think it t
to ſhut up Shop. Ladies do you want
thing elſe?

1 *La.* No, I think not. If you pleaſe
put up that Looking-Glaſs, and the P
ſpective, I will pay you for them.

Gent. Well, Madam, how do you li
this whimſical Humouriſt?

1 *La.* Why, really, in my Opinion,
Man's as great a Curioſity himſelf, as a
Thing he has got in his Shop.

Gent. He is ſo indeed. I think we ha
heard a great Deal of Folly very juſtly ri
cul'd.

In this gay thoughtleſs Age He's found a Wa
In trifling Things juſt Morals to convey.
'Tis his at once to pleaſe and to reform,
And give old Satire a new Pow'r to charm.
And, would you guide your Lives and Actio
right,
Think on the Maxims you have heard to Nigh

FINIS.